

of women. Woman's work is not so advanced in England as in the United States, but certainly English women are interesting themselves more and more in what concerns the race.

Women all over the world are insisting upon their equal rights and upon their economic integrity not as a member of a family, as the wife of a man or the mother of children but as an individual whose government must go through the form of asking her consent as it does of the males. The self-consciousness, I just referred to, is probably due to the political slavery woman has endured since men first got the upper hand, and will be replaced by the calm masculine in difference and objectivity so inefficaciously admired by us now.

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Refrigerated Beef.

Beef that the Naval department is now sending to the Philippines is frozen in a temperature of twenty degrees below zero. Most of it is sent in cold storage ships across the Atlantic, through the Mediterranean, the Red Sea, the Suez Canal, the Indian and the Pacific oceans. Yet it is reported that the latest beef shipment arrived in Manila as hard as a rock. Secretary Root is fortunate in accepting the position of secretary after the beef scandal instead of before. He will not try any experiments with embalming fluids or new kinds of canned meats said to be very nutritious by the canner, but unpalatable to the soldiers. When the meat arrives in Manila it is put in cooling rooms and gradually defrosted before it is ready for consumption.

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A Greeting From God's Country.

The poem, welcoming the First Nebraska back from the islands of the sea, is by an unknown contributor. The perfect versification, and the beauty and truth of the lines are a fitting tribute to the young fellows now in camp at the Presidio. The mothers who have waited and harkened to the footsteps of their sons pacing the night watches, to the rush of their feet when they climbed the trenches over their dead colonel and between prostrate Filipinos, who have listened as they did when their sons lay in a childish fever in the next room to their quick breathing and drowsy mutterings, will appreciate the meaning and pathos of this anonymous poem.

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Governor Roosevelt's Last Speech.

Governor Roosevelt has a gift for calling things by their right names. The Filipino insurrection he calls "an outbreak of savagery." The government might as consistently leave the farmers in this country to be butchered by maddened Indians as retreat from the Philippine islands while they are in arms against order. There is no doubt but that the ethical rights of the Indians here have been trampled upon. But it is not expedient nor wise to discuss how much and how far they are right and we are wrong, when their hands are red with blood and their belts are fringed with agriculturist's scalps. They are savage butchers and they are treated as such. No politician who cared for his future would dare advise and encourage the Indians to continue their depredations. The consent of the governed to a settler whose wife and children have been butchered by the men whom the theorists advise an argument with, does not seem absolutely necessary. And the peaceful and pastoral inhabitants of Luzon have a right to demand that the government ignore the governed until they come to order. The United States owes protection to the civilized, reasonable majority in Luzon and the disorderly bands led by Aguinaldo have no right to be reasoned with and gently entreated till they lay down their arms.

TO THE FIRST NEBRASKA REGIMENT.

GREETING FROM GOD'S COUNTRY. AUGUST, 1899.

(For the Courier).

Come back to the heaven-wide heart of your mother,
Strong sons she hath sent like the wind from her hills;
Who have borne over mountains and sea to another
The sap of her sunshine, the blood of her rills

Come back to the plains where the cloud-shadow flying
Floats free from the gates of the sun to the sod;
And no lair where the slime of the serpent is lying
Disfigures the face of the country of God.

But open and clear to the stars and the noon-tide,
She hideth no hold where the pestilence waits.
She hideth no hurt save the hurt of that June-tide
When her first-born beloved went forth from her gates.

Come back to the land that no shadow hath darkened,
Save the shadow that hung by the echoing sea,
Where the heart of your mother hath waited and harkened,—
In the long island watches ye paced sleeplessly,—

To the breath of your lips when the battle-heat thickened.
To the rush of your feet in the battle-loosed strife,
To the throb of your hearts when the fever-pulse quickened
In the veins she has filled with her glorious life.

Come now where she waits in the sheer August splendor
That lies on the brows of her heaven-bared hills.
The first who have taken the lance to defend her,
Come drink of the cup of thanksgiving she fills.

Come back to the land that no glory hath lightened
Like the glory ye bring from the valleys ye trod,
Where in famine and fever and death, unfrightened,
Ye carried the hearts of the country of God.

Come back, ye that may, in your warrior's regalia;
Come back, ye that march gleaming white by their side,
That waken no more to the soldiers' reveille,
But sleep evermore in the hearts ye abide.

Come, scarred hero-host of the dead and the living,
Who have poured out for strangers the blood of our land;
Far more than the lives ye have recked not in giving,
Is the faith that may die, but may not understand.

Far more than the glow of proud Freedom's defender
Is the spirit that failed not in doubting and gloom;
And the land whence ye rose like her sun in his splendor
From the white arms of martyrdom welcomes you home.

Her harvests flow out to the hills beyond measure,
Calm shineth above them the evening star,
But the crown of the gifts God hath given to bless her
Is the faith you have brought through the gate-way of war.

—Contributed.

TRANSITION

[HELEN C. HARWOOD]

It is four years since I have seen her. She was like the holyhocks that grow and grow until you begin to wonder if there is a top. Her hair was not blue, but black, and like a few people's dispositions, the cloudier and gloomier the weather, the better it looked and the more it enjoyed life.

She liked to read a poem or so in the evening, an occasional essay and upon people and things she had ideas enough, such as they were and such they were. I am sorry to say, to fill the western hemisphere, she was fearfully obstinate in her pet theories, and sometimes it seemed to me that she vied with the great and only William across the water.

Upon books we had discussions and quantities of them. Upon other things too, such as pavements, the difference between boarding school and college productions, society, and I know not what.

Suddenly she became presiding tyrant of the family. Her discourses upon the small amount of fresh air taken by house-keepers lessened perceptibly, as she became absorbed in the difference between slum and soda in the compilation of a dinner. Side by side on her desk, I noticed a Golden Treasury and a green-leafed cook book. The latter was the open book. So concerned did she become about moths and jellies that I did not see her for a week.

Even the vital question of whether men were made of puff paste or aluminum was forgotten by the appearance of the small butter milk boy with big, brown eyes, who remarked: "At first I made just lots of money, twenty-five cents a day, but now I don't make much."

She passed the point of cakes and ices and was returning to solids. Her interest ceased to be intermittent and under its perpetuity I felt myself to be slowly suffocating. Some subjects mellow with time, others grow hard and stale. The daily market was the morning choral, and in the evening came preserves. One day, I found her deeply absorbed as to the whatness of mace.

"I imagine that that comes only in post-graduate work," I suggested. This remark being received with scorn I went searching in the dictionary.

"Mace—An ensign of authority. That's all sufficient Geraldine." I remarked. "I shall compose your epitaph. The first line is going to begin with—

"Mamselle — e — l. O Mamselle-e."
"The last line shall have mace in several times. The intervening lines haven't occurred to me yet, but I shall have some little time for meditation. It is your family for whom I tremble, O though ensign of authority."

A few nights later, I found her in a comfortable bunch in the hammock.

"Did you have tomatoes or carrots, onion, ice cream or walnut soufflé?" I inquired, "and Oh yes, Mrs. Rorer was born in this country, having begun in a very small way. From this very modest

rung on Fortune's ladder she gradually ascended to —"

"Stop," she cried, "or you will catch the gastronomic eye. And do you think that Ouida's hair is yellowish brown or blueish, purplish black?" whereupon she fingered, demurely a yellow-colored volume.

"What! are you really?" I gaped as the cover flapped in the breeze.

"Yes, I am no longer the presiding tyrant," she said contentedly.

"And is this the result of the being?"

When she first moved away the letters flew between us, but now we rarely write.

A NEWSBOYS' PICNIC.

[WILLIAM REED DUNROY.]

The newsboys of Omaha had a picnic last Sunday at the park north of the city. Several hundred of the little tatterdemalions went out on the street cars, a wriggling, wiry mess of little boys, and the fun they had is not to be expressed in any but the words of a boy.

No sooner were they on the green grass until they were running wild like young colts loose from the stall. Such yelling and screeching! Never did such noises come from human throats before. From long use in crying the morning and evening papers their voices were raucous and the air was rent with ear-splitting yells.

Each boy was supplied with tickets that entitled him to all the free food and drink his little hide would hold, and the way these boys did get on the outside of things was a caution to all beholders. It would seem as though each might were hollow from head to toe, for through capacious mouths they crammed innumerable sandwiches and poured untold bottles of pop and glasses of lemonade.

Moggy is the king of the newsboys in Omaha and he it was who engineered the affair and saw that all had a good time. He is a large lad with one club foot, but as active as a cricket and he was here and there all day long.

Of course there was a program and it was a "dinger" in the vernacular of the boys. An orchestra furnished music while the boys whirled their best girls over the floor in the seductive waltz. A cake walk? Well I rather guess. A picnic without a cake walk! No sir. A big white cake with a candy rooster on top! It was won by a little boy who walked as though his feet and legs were made of India rubber. Such gyration! The rubber man at a circus was not within speaking distance at any stage of the game.

Then there was the water melon contest. Six boys sat in a row. Six slices of water melon, large, luscious and juicy were passed them. A signal was given, six widely stretched mouths closed in the heart of the melon and soon six boys, wet but grinning stood with six rinds in their hands. The boy who got outside of his melon first was given a prize.

The pie eating contest was funnier still. Ten boys sat at a table with their hands tied behind them. The pies were placed on the table before them and the signal was given. The way the pies disappeared was a mystery but in a minute there was not a sign of pastry left except what adhered to the soiled physiognomies of the stuffed urchins.

And thus they spent the afternoon. There was enthusiastic fun all the time. Never a dull moment, never anything but unalloyed happiness, for the little fellows are all philosophical and they went out to have a good time and they had it. After the last race was run and the last sandwich eaten they rode back down town and once more their shrill voices were soon heard crying "Chicago papers two cents," "All 'bout the murder," "Get your paper here, Times-Herald, Inter Ocean and Chronicle!"